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The Yosemite Valley.

(By Florence V. Hughes, in 'Golden Rule.')

Through the centre of the Yosemite Valley winds a clear, deep river of melted snow, wearied by its plunge over fearful cliffs. On its banks grow cool ferns and great masses of pure azaleas, while over the whole floor of the valley is spread a carpet of the lovely wild flowers of California, lifting their tiny, perishable faces up to the frowning walls that are scarred and worn by glaciers of bygone ages. Down their sides leap the most beautiful waterfalls in all the world, mingling their ceaseless thunder with the soft music of giant pines at their feet.

Here and there cool springs bubble forth from the mosses, and for two miles at the lower end of the valley the river dashes itself in rage against the bowlders that line its path, drops into deep, sullen pools, and flings white arms aloft as if in despair at its enforced retreat from a scene of such enchantment.

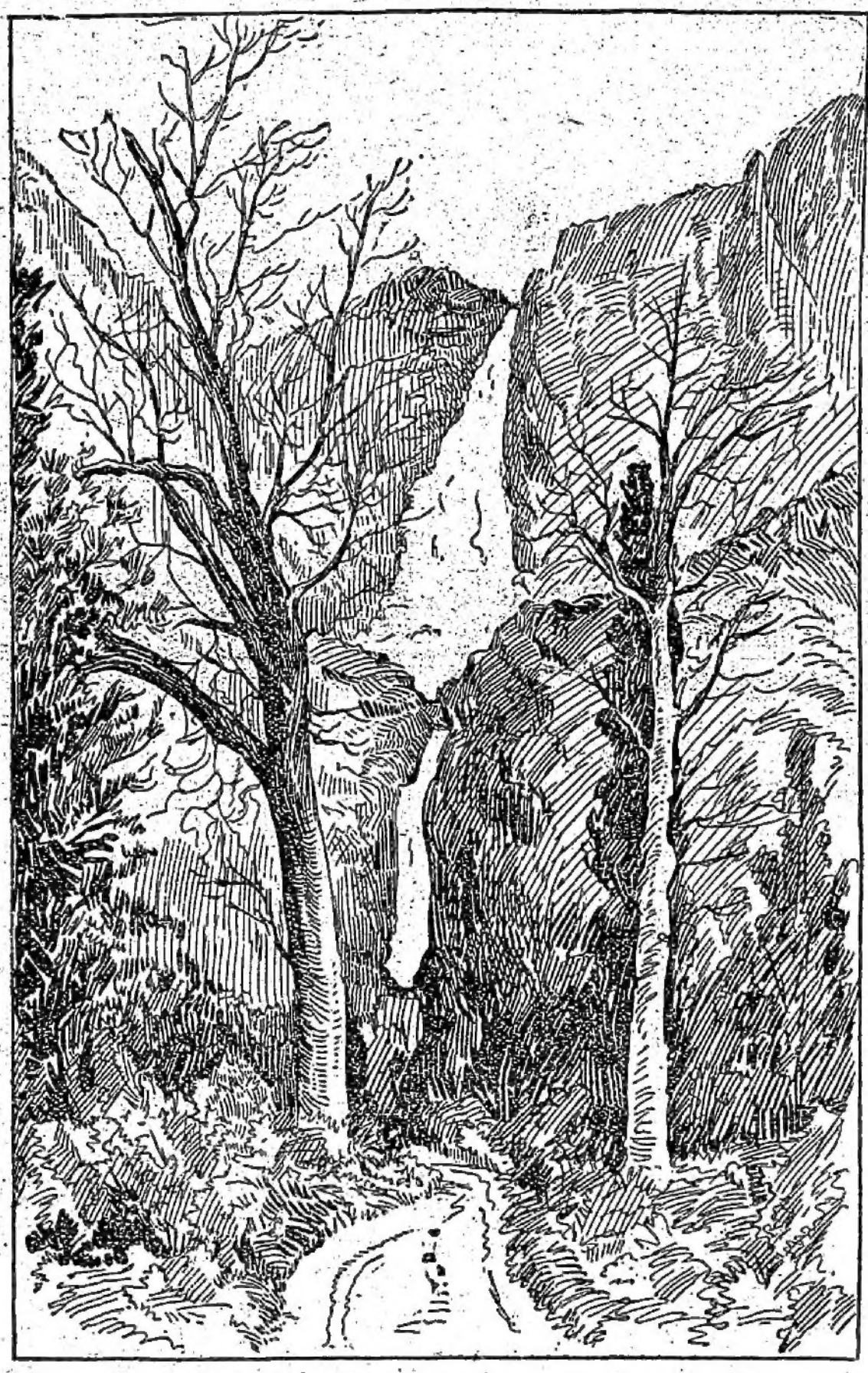
In strong contrast to the fury of these cascades, at the head of the valley lies beautiful Mirror Lake, placid and serene. Here there are two Yosemites—one far above one's head, and the other reflected six thousand feet below, quite as perfect in color and detail, and intensified in beauty. It is a sight never to be forgotten to see the sun rise a mile below one's feet, to see his first rays light up a corner of majestic Half Dome, and transform three fringing evergreens into a film of burnished silver.

Near Mirror Lake is the foot of the trail leading up to the only two falls that are not visible from the floor of the valley. It is a long and difficult climb to the top of the higher and more beautiful of the two, Nevada Falls; but one is more than repaid by the first glimpse of the great, filmy clouds of vapor, which, flung far over the precipice, are caught by the wind, swaying to and fro, and pierced by swift white rockets that burst upon the rocks six hundred feet beneath, to float away in rainbowed mist.

Even above the place of its fatal plunge the swift-flowing river loses all likeness to water, though the very rocks beneath one's feet tremble with the onward, resistless rush of these soft, cloudlike billows. As one reluctantly descends the trail and reaches the Diamond Cascade, half-way between Nevada and Vernal Falls, one is again loath to believe that this can be water—these millions of diamonds tossed high into the air, these great sprays of frostwork silhouetted against the blue of a California sky. Yet, within these rocky walls, barely twelve feet apart, is confined the whole of the Merced River, rushing headlong, at the rate of sixty miles an hour, to its plunge at Vernal Falls, half a mile away. Vernal Falls is by far the smallest sister of all the falls; yet it measures twice the height of Niagara, though only seventy feet wide, and carrying, of course, a far less volume of water.

At this point it is best to leave the old trail, if one is not afraid of a little wetting, and descend two stairways into a stone arch lined with moss and ferns. Here one finds oneself the centre of a small circular rainbow that moves forward with one's advance through the mist of the fall, and demolishes the last remnant of any childish hope of finding the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow by the discovery that, alas! it has no end.

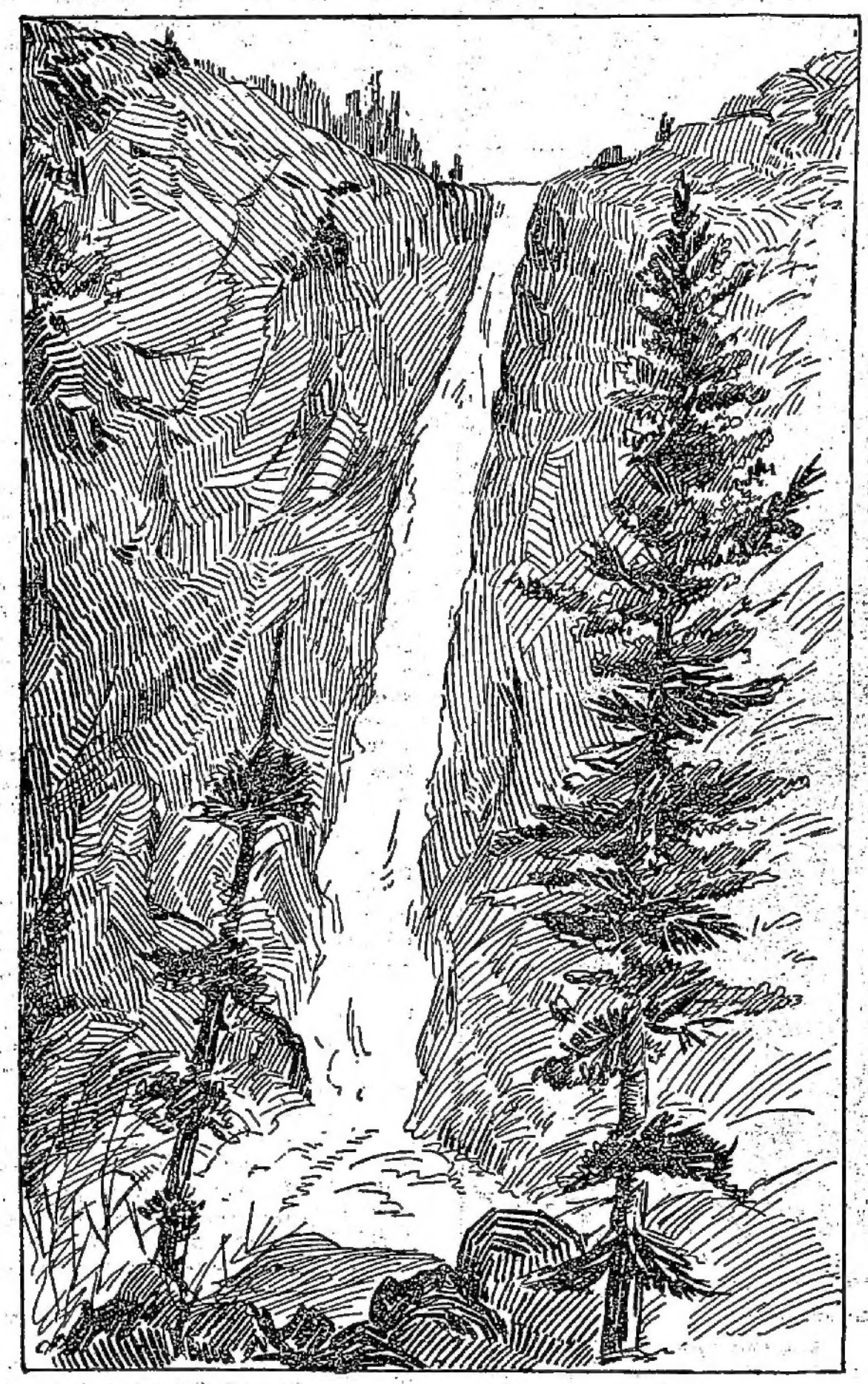
If one's stay in the Yosemite is limited, it is never Glacier Point that is omitted from the long list of charming excursions; and, unless one has been brought up from childhood upon four-mile mountain trails, it is best to trust one's safety to the sturdy legs of 'Doc' or 'Mamie,' or any one of the mules for rent in the valley. At first it seems rather a hazardous undertaking, for the mule insists on taking the extreme outer edge of the trail, and, when he reaches the numerous sharp curves, hangs his head far over the precipice. Then, just as his rider has made a rapid calculation, based upon the laws that govern falling bodies, as to how many seconds it will take him and the mule to reach the bottom, the mule slowly revolves upon a pivot, and the rider is once more headed up the narrow trail, while his heart momentarily resumes its nomal position. In reality there is no danger, and one's fears are obliterated in the first glance at the whole upper end of the valley displayed in magnificent panorama. Over the opposite black cliff the Yosemite Fall makes the stupendous leap of half a mile; the clear, swift river at one's feet becomes a stagnant, green pool; the orchard is a checkerboard, and horses and carriages bear a laughable resemblance to tiny toy waggons wound up by a string and sent gliding across a green carpet. To the right tower lofty Clouds' Rest and the inaccessible rounded mass of Half Dome. Far across the green canons gleam the silver threads of Vernal and Nevada Falls, while beyond, rising tier upon tier, the snow-covered peaks of



UPPER AND LOWER YOSEMITE FALLS.

the far Sierras stretch away to the blue horizon.

The very grandeur of the valley gives it a solemnity that, especially in the hush of a Sabbath day, inspires a feeling of intense and holy awe. Never was a nobler temple built for the worship of God than the shadow of grim El Capitan; and never can there be a service more impressive than under the calm, shining stars, with the circle of worshipping faces lighted up by the fire of blazing pines. The music of the falls sounds an



BRIDAL VEIL FALL, 860 FEET—FROM THE BRIDGE.

endless monotone to the songs of praise to their Creator; here and there stand the huge trees like giant sentinels, and behind rise the great watch-towers of the mountains, that lift their heads far into the sky and gaze ever upward and around to see if the Judge of the world comes not.'

Two Friends.

'In a Minute,' says a keen observer, 'is a bad friend—he makes you put off what you ought to do at once, and so he gets you into a great deal of trouble.'

'Right Away is a good friend—he helps you to do what you ought to do pleasantly and quickly, and he never gets you into trouble.'

A Native Christian Strangely Protected.

Mr. Hoarn, missionary of the Bethal Santal Mission in India, writes: Kuar is the only Christian in Monohor. The head-man of the village abhors him, and his eldest son, a man of thirty-five, determined to kill him. While Kuar was ploughing near the jungles Bhoto secretly under the cover of the trees watched to shoot him. Santals are splendid shots. Twice he raised his bow and drew it to its full length, but a power greater than his prevented him from letting his arrow fly. "I do not know what is the matter, but I cannot shoot that man," he said, 'But it does not matter. Mrs. Kuar has gone on a visit to Telia; so he will be alone in the house to-night, and I shall kill him with my axe.'

After dark he went to Kuar's house to kill the sleeping man; and great was his surprise when a boyish voice asked him, 'What do you want?' 'Where is Kuar?' 'He went this evening to Telia to bring his family, and asked me to sleep in his house to-night; he is coming back to-morrow.' It was Kuar's shepherd-boy. While this heathen had planned to kill Kuar, God impressed him to go to Telia to bring his family. It seemed a very foolish thing to do, for at night all manner of wild beasts walk about. However, he reached Telia in safety. When Bhoto stood with his battle-axe before Kuar's house in the dark to kill him, a great awe overcame him. 'God is fighting for this man; I dare not touch him again.' Kuar is a preacher of righteousness, and doctors many people; and often since the above instance Bhoto has gone to him for medical aid, and he is now Kuar's best friend. However, his father hates Kuar, and only threatened to thrash him a few days ago. Several of his rice-fields they have also taken away, and ploughed them. — 'Christian Herald.'

A Wise Boy.

People who want to live right are often placed in a position as difficult as this of Joab's—they have an enemy without and within, as Joab had a foe before and behind. A boy who lived in an English town, where his associates were wicked lads, who thought nothing of stealing from the fruit-stands or the stores, went to a mission-school, where he was taught that such things were sinful. After a time he resolved to quit stealing and other evil ways, and he asked God to help him. Some time afterwards his teacher came to the school without a book that she needed, and she asked the boy if he would go to her home and fetch it. He was glad to do so; but the teacher standing at the window of the school, saw the boy turn south at the end of the block, when his direct course lay north. When he returned she asked him why he took that longer way, The boy blushed, and did not like to answer. At last, being pressed, he said he avoided that street because there was a barrel of apples outside a grocery store there. Old habit was so strong in him as yet that he did not want to have to fight inclination and opportunity at the same time. — 'Christian Herald.'

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to recollect his love,
Always shining from above,
Always new,
Always true,
Just to recognize its light,
All enfolding;
Just to claim its present might,
All upholding;
Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away,
Is it not enough alone,
For the gladness of the day?

Just to trust, and then to ask,
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task,
As he will.
Just to take the joy or pain,
As he sends it.
He who formed thee for his praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day, and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

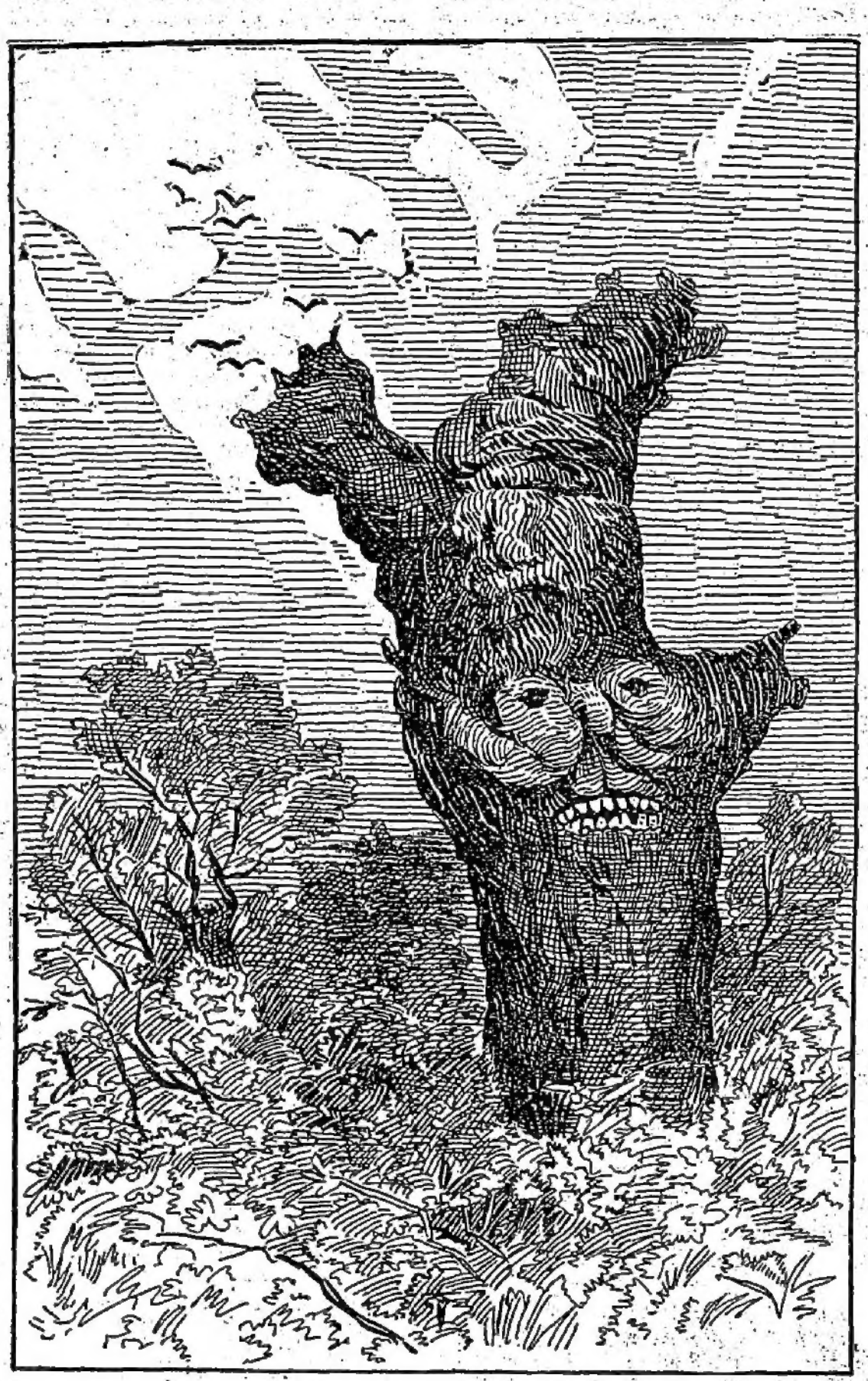
Just to leave in his dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings,
Just to let him take the care,
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all, and yet the way,
Marked by him who loves thee best,
Secret of a happy day;
Secret of his promised rest.

'Times of Refreshing.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Monkey Tree.

Among the stately and ancient beeches at Burnham, England, may be seen many trees which have grown into curious shapes; some of them are like ghosts, and when seen in the twilight, or by moonlight, they have often



THE MONKEY-TREE AT BURNHAM.

startled visitors. The tree of which we give a picture, when viewed in a certain position, has a face like a monkey or ape clearly to be seen on the bark; the face seems to have its mouth open, showing a set of teeth. It is called the Monkey-tree.—'The Prize.'

Lou Baker Speaks Her Mind.

(By Faye Huntington.)

Lou Baker, perched upon the broad cap of a fence-post, watched Mr. Grayson's ox-team moving slowly up the road, drawing a heavy load of lumber for Mr. Grayson's new barn. She heard the driver sing out:

'Gee there, Brindle! Haw, now, Buck!' Then, as the entrance of Colonel Baker's grounds was reached, in answer to Lou's signal, a peremptory 'Whoa! whoa, there!' brought the oxen to a halt.

'Papa set me watching for you,' said the girl. 'He has gone to Lindon this morning, and will drive round by Judge Kimball's and meet you at two o'clock to sign those papers about the hill meadow.

'All right! As soon as I get home with the load I'll fix up a little and drive over. Two o'clock, you said? Nice morning!'

'I suppose so,' said Lou, a little ungraciously. 'It is nice enough so far as the weather goes, but I don't think anything is very nice that is happening nowadays!'

'Why, child, what is the matter?'

'Matter enough! Maybe you don't know that Fred Armsby has opened a saloon at The Corners and that the boys are being trapped there! And you men let it be possible to do it. Last spring you had a chance to say that prohibition should be the law in this town and you let your chance slip, and the saloon has its way!'

'But, Lou, it couldn't have been done; and if the town had voted that way just as much liquor would be sold, only not so openly, and no license fees would have been paid.'

'Mr. Grayson, you a man, and talk such stuff. Ten good men formed into a Law and Order League could enforce prohibition in this whole town. I have no patience with folks who say, as I heard one say yesterday, "I am a temperance man, and no one living would rejoice more than I to see the liquor traffic blotted out; but it can't be done." If I were that sort of a temperance man I'd get right down on my knees and ask the Lord to give me a little sense! Real good common sense would work wonders for the temperance cause. The new law's no good, and what's more, wasn't meant to be any good. But there is a thin coating of sugar that we might as well scrape off and use to sweeten up our country villages, and if the men who pretend to be opposed to the saloon had voted it out of this town when they had a chance, one might have some faith in them.'

Mr. Grayson laughed uneasily, as he replied, 'But, Lou, child, over in Marsden they voted no saloon license, and now the hotels have sprung up in new places, so that just as much liquor is drank as ever, and in Nelson they voted no license at all, but liquor is sold just the same on the sly, and no one interferes. What better off would we be, if we had voted no license? It takes more than pieces of paper to rid the country of the curse.'

'That is just it! It will take a great crowd of moral heroes—men! Jelly-fish are no good in this fight—we need a backbone order of creation! Why, yesterday, Sunday, two men went tearing through the streets, whipping their horses, and swearing like pirates. Everybody in the place knew they were intoxicated, but no one had grit enough to arrest them. If we had some sort of an organized force, who would do the little that can be done under existing laws, those men would be in the lock-up this morning!'

'Aren't you a little sharp and bitter?'

'Maybe. But isn't it time some one talked sense? Just look at it—the temperance ticket in this town with sixteen votes last fall.'

'But, Lou, you remember there were important interests at stake last fall.'

'That's an old story. I am only sixteen years old, but as nearly as I can find out there have been important interests at every election, and the points are not settled yet, and never will be until this liquor business is settled; and isn't it strange that the question that affects directly the manhood, the very souls of the people of the nation, should be set aside to wait for matters that do not directly affect the highest interests of men? Put liquor out of the way and the men who make up the government will be sober enough to settle the other questions.'

'Seems to me, Lou, that your talk would sound better from a platform than from a fence-post! You must have been doing a lot of thinking!'

'Well, one can't help thinking and getting ideas with things going the way they do in this neighborhood. I don't suppose you know that Jack was at the new saloon last night?'

'Jack! Not my Jack?'

'Yes, your Jack! And, Mr. Grayson, if you had been up when he got home you would have known it without being told'; the girl's voice trembled, and her eyes were filled with tears. The Graysons and the Bakers had long been close friends, and Jack had been Lou's playmate always. She added, 'Jack never went over to Lindon nor to the village saloons, but Fred Armsby is a jolly fellow and a favorite with all the boys, so it is easy for him to draw them in. I don't blame the boys—of course any place that their fathers say shall be opened for the good of the public is all right!' Lou jumped down from her perch saying:

'There! I've spoken my mind.'

'But, Lou, I am surprised at what you say about Jack. Can't you influence him?'

'There it is! Just what I expected. You men let it be easy for the boys to go to ruin, and then say to us girls, "Try to save them," Don't you think it a little unfair? We girls have to work hard to undo the voting of you men, and sometimes I think it would be well to stop doing, and let you see just what would come of your management of the temperance question. That saloon down at The Corners will ruin more young men than the Church and the W. C. T. U. and the Sunday-school can save. And it might have been helped. I just wish I could write all over the sky, and hang up everywhere in the air that one sentence, "It might have been helped on last election day," so that voters would have to see it and think about it; then after a while I would change it and hang up the sentence, "You can help it next voting day if you will!"

The girl closed the gate over which she leaned and took a few steps towards the house, then turned back to say:

'Tell Jack we are going to have a few of the boys and girls in this evening to plan for a lawn festival. I want him to come over. If we have got to fight the saloon all by ourselves, we might as well be about it! And we boys and girls of the Senior Legion will fight it till we die! Tell Jack to be sure to come—and, Mr. Grayson, we will save Jack! But there are a lot of others that we cannot reach—but voters with backbone to support the votes can finish the business!'—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

How Dolph Was Warned.

(By Sally Campbell in the 'Wellspring.')

It was a difficult task for a boy of seventeen to be final mentor and guide to another boy of thirteen. And it was not surprising if at the end of three months Jack Woodbridge felt that things were going wrong. He was a good, conscientious lad, not any more anxious, however, to shoulder blame than you and I are. And so as he walked along the country road he was saying to himself: 'Dolph ought to be old enough to see some of these things for himself, without my having to ding them into him forever. He does see them; he must. He is obliged to know perfectly well that if he keeps on with the crowd he has chosen, and idles over his books as he has been doing, he will soon be very differene from what I should care for my brother to be. Well, certainly I have tried my best to warn him. He can never say I didn't tell him what was coming. I have learned one thing lately, and that is, that it is awfully hard to try to take care of anybody.'

Jack sighed a long, tired sigh.

He was not walking along the country road by himself that sunny afternoon. On the contrary, he was in very distinguished company, no less a person being with him than the Rev. Mr. Ashleigh, the dear, gray-haired old gentleman who had preached to Jack ever since he was first taken to church. But I am afraid that Jack was not listening very closely, as the good man talked about the work which was so near his heart.

Mr. Ashleigh paused an instant at the sound of Jack's sigh, and glanced at him over his spectacles, from under his shaggy white eyebrows. Then he went on speaking.

'Jack,' he said, 'I saw something in a book the other day that would have matched my own views exactly, thirty years ago. It was a story of Dr. Rush and Robert Morris. Dr. Rush asked Morris, "What sort of a sermon do you like?" And Mr. Morris said, "I like that sort of a sermon which drives a man into the corner of his pew and makes him think the devil is after him." It was just my idea of preaching when I started in the ministry.

Jack had aroused himself to attention.

'Yes, sir,' he said. 'Very powerful preaching that ought to be, I should think.'

'In those days," Mr. Ashleigh went on, 'my great aim was to preach such sermons. I wished to arouse sinners to see the wiles of the wicked one. But now the longing in my heart—a longing that has been growing there for years—is to lift up before men the Christ, the wonderful, pitying Saviour, that they may behold how he loves them, and that he may draw them unto him. We must warn our brothers against sin. But I tell you, my boy, what I have learned to believe is, that the best way to show to any soul the terrible evil of sin is to show to that soul the beauty of holiness.'

When Jack parted from his pastor his mind was too full of a new set of thoughts for him to go straight home. He turned aside into a green lane, and, opening a gate in the tall wooden fence, passed into the village graveyard, and took the path toward his mother's grave. As he drew near, he found that someone was there before him. It was Dolph.

Dolph's face was very grave and quiet. Jack noticed how suddenly it changed when he caught sight of him.

The two brothers sat side by side on a marble slab, grown dark with time and weather, and covered with lettering.

'I have been trying to make it out,' said Dolph presently. 'There seems to have been a great deal to praise in our great-grandfather. He must have been awfully good. How he would shake his head at his namesakes!' And Dolph laughed a little bitterly.

'I have often heard mother talk of him,' said Jack. 'They were very fond of each other. He was a splendid old man, so warm-hearted and wise and brave, not any more capable of meanness or a lie than—than you are, Dolph.'

The ending was as unexpected to Jack as it was to Dolph, who looked up at his brother quickly, uncertain what to answer. While he hesitated Jack went on.

'He lived eighty years, and lived them well. In the minds of everybody all around in this region, he stood for what was good. Life when it is like that is worth while, isn't it?'

Dolph nodded silently. He was tracing with his finger some of the letters in the old slab.

'One day,' said Jack, 'a few weeks before mother died, a preacher came in to see her. He was telling her about some marvellous old lady saint he knew, who had been longing to go to heaven for thirty years, and he expanded upon how "edifying" she was. When he was gone, mother turned round to me with that merry little laugh of hers and said, "Jack, don't you ever talk such nonsense as that. It is not a Christian grace to wish you were dead. I hope that God means both my boys to grow old, and that they will have the manliness to thank him for every day he gives them, to spend in helping the world to be better." I wish I could tell you all she said. It made me feel that it was a big thing to be alive, and on duty.'

'Too big for some of us miserable sinners,' said his listener.

'Then she talked to me a little about you, Dolph. She said you had fine, rare qualities that had been handed down to you from earnest, good men, and that she expected you to use them worthily. She said she had prayed for that ever since you were born, and that she trusted to God for the answer.'

When the two boys left the graveyard they parted at the gate. Dolph took the road to the river, and in a few minutes came upon a group of boys collected on the banks.

'Fisher,' he said, addressing himself to the biggest and, if the truth must be told, the rowdiest of the company, 'I am not going out with you to-morrow.'

It was plainly an unwelcome piece of information, for the boys broke into various exclamations and questions of surprise and vexation.

'I am not going,' repeated Dolph; 'I have thought better of it.'

'Oh, I see!' sneered Fisher. 'We are not aristocratic enough for him. Our clothes ain't fine enough.'

'Your clothes are all right,' said Dolph; 'I haven't got anything against your clothes.'

'Then it must be our manners,' said Fisher, turning to the others with uplifted eyebrows and a general air of astonishment. 'Why, I thought they were just what he liked; upon my word I did. Didn't you?'

'It always seemed to me as if his own matched 'em pretty close,' answered one of the boys. 'But then of course very likely I ain't fit to judge of such things.'

'No, certainly not!' cried Fisher. 'What do we know about it? All of us are common as dirt. And then we haven't got a nice, pious preaching brother to put up a wall of Bible texts round us and keep us out of harm's way.'

'Why, to be sure! I forgot there was protracted meeting at his house every day. I guess, Dolph, you've been getting converted, haven't you?'

So the stream of comment ran on, Dolph meantime listening without any apparent disturbance of mind.

'That is the worst of a chap like him,' thought Fisher, as he watched him narrowly out of his half-shut eyes. 'Setting the laugh on him doesn't scare him one bit. There ain't many people that way. But I always knew he was one of them.'

Presently Dolph started to go.

'Oh, I say, look here,' remonstrated Fisher, 'give us a reason. A gentleman like you wouldn't break his engagement without giving a reason for it.'

Dolph hesitated. When he turned back there was a look on his face which quieted the boys before he spoke.

'Did any of you fellows,' asked Dolph, 'ever see my mother?'

Nobody attempted to answer his question, and in the silence he walked away unhindered. It was not until he was almost out of sight that Fisher said, with something that was perhaps wistfulness in his rough voice, 'Yes, I have seen her. And if Dolph Woodbridge has got that idea in his head, we might as well fix to get on without him.'

And Fisher proved a prophet.

Not long ago Jack Woodbridge—that is to say, the Rev. John Woodbridge, as he now is—stopped Mr. Ashleigh on the same sunny road where they walked together at the beginning of this story.

'Mr. Ashleigh,' said the younger cleryman earnestly, 'long ago, one afternoon, just here, you were talking to me about your work. And you said a thing that helped me more than I can tell you. It helped me with Dolph. And you know how Dolph is turning out.'

'Grandly!' said Mr. Ashleigh with emphasis. 'I do not know a finer lad. If anything that I said helped in the making of Dolph, I can only be thankful.'

The old servant of God smiled a little to himself as he went his way in the sunshine.

Their Delegate.

(By Grace Willis.)

'I wonder,' said the young president of the League to his wife, as they walked home one Friday night from the business meeting, 'whom I had better appoint as our delegate. I suppose Miss Warren would bring back a brilliant report.'

'Yes; but she goes to so many conventions,' returned his wife. 'It would not be much of a treat to her to go, and she has her hands full now. I think we ought to bring out some of the young people, Burt. They won't develop unless they are given something to do and a place to fill. I have been thinking about Linda Dale. Don't you think it would be nice to send her?'

The president looked up quickly with a little smile on his face, but saw that his wife was in earnest.

'Why, she is so quiet, my dear. I don't really know what she can do. Of course, it would do her lots of good; she probably could not afford to go at her own expense. But do you think she could write a good report? The League must be considered as well as the delegate, you know.'

'Yes, I know it,' answered Mrs. Hollister, 'but I feel quite sure she could take a very good report of the Convention. I do not believe she has ever been asked to work in any of the departments, and she has not had an opportunity to show what she was capable of. But she is always faithful at the League prayer-meetings, and sometimes takes part in her modest, quiet way.'

'I will send her,' said the president, decisively.

. . . . . .

The room was a very pretty one. It did not seem like a spare-room, for there were little personal belongings all about, and touches of individuality in all its furnishings. An oak writing desk stood against the wall on the other side of the room, with photographs of smiling girls' faces and trinkets of a feminine sort scattered over the top of it. Beside it stood the book-case with shelves well filled. The windows were partly open, and now and then the snow-white muslin curtains moved gently with the breeze, and the afternoon sunshine lay in patches on the floor. It was Saturday afternoon in the pretty little town where the Convention was held.

The tired 'delegate' lay on the bed, her eyes wandering about the room, resting on the dainty surroundings that so delighted her eye, and the brown head looked very cosy on the cool, white pillow. It was all so peaceful and restful that it gave her a very quiet and contented feeling, in spite of the headache that had brought her there. Out through the window she saw the velvety-gray branches of the maples laden with buds. The little twigs and branches made a perfect network through which the sun shone. She felt no sleepiness, but only lay there looking about and taking in all the sweetness of the spring afternoon. The sun sank lower and lower. She watched it until she could see nothing else, wherever she looked, but the red glow. She could almost see the sun move, so rapidly did it seem to go down. She found it hard to realize that it was really Linda Dale who lay there in the cool room, 100 miles away from home, on a Saturday afternoon, instead of sitting in the warm, close air of Miss Robinson's millinery work-room, hemming bias strips of velvet and making stiff, new ribbon into coquettish little bows. Only 100 miles away from home, and yet she seemed to be in a different world altogether. The people who were entertaining her, an elderly gentleman and wife and their daughter, were so kind, and in the young woman delegate who shared her room had made a warm friend. It was like a pleasant dream—and how soon it would be over! But how many long hours would be shortened by the bright memory!

The lower part of the sun had disappeared behind a low-roofed cottage across the street. Fainter grew the light; then the sun sank altogether from view. The eyes of the tired girl closed, and in a few minutes Linda Dale was sound asleep.

'Wake up, my dear,' said a cheery voice, half an hour later, as Miss Baird came into the room. 'There were some lovely papers, and I have taken such a nice, full report for you. I am sorry you missed them, but I presume your sleep did you more good. It is about supper time. Hadn't you better get up? How is your headache?'

'Have I been asleep?' questioned Linda, sitting up and rubbing her forehead. 'My headache is all gone, and I feel first-rate. I am ever so much obliged to you for taking a report for me.'

'Oh, that's nothing,' answered Miss Baird. 'I am a stenographer, you know, and it's as easy to take down as it is to listen. I will transcribe it and send it to you on Tuesday or Wednesday of next week.'

'It doesn't seem possible that I shall be home again and at work next Tuesday,' said Linda, a little wistfully.

Sunday was a wonderful day. From the early morning love-feast until the closing minutes of the consecration services at ten o'clock Linda went about as if in a dream. The experience was to her as that of a bird that had long been caged and was at last set free in a world of fresh air and sunshine. Linda's life had been so prosy and so full of hard work, with so little enjoyment, that this experience meant more to her than she could express. She had made many friends of those who had hitherto been strangers to her.

On Sunday night she sat on the front seat with Miss Baird. When the last moments came, and the young people were standing on their feet in threes and fours waiting for their turn to testify, Linda rose, and tremblingly added her own words of grateful thanksgiving. She had never spoken before in so large a meeting.

'I am going to be a different girl when I get back, Miss Baird,' said Linda, earnestly, as they walked home together that night. 'I am going to give my testimony more faithfully in the young people's meeting. I am going to ask them to give me some work to do. I think I would like to work in the department of spiritual work, and go with them to the gaol and to the cottage prayer-meetings and to the open-air services and give my testimony for God. I never before felt so anxious to tell others how good he is to me. And I am going to do something else that I never did before. I never even thought of being ashamed that I didn't do it. I used to think that no one ought to expect me to give anything toward the church or the Sunday-school or foreign missions, because I don't earn much and could not give, but I see it in a different way now, and I am going to lay aside a tenth of my pay every week, and I am going to try to earn some extra money besides, or save it on what I don't need, so that I can give till I "feel it"—and that money shall go to foreign missions. I never felt so interested before in missions. Oh, dear, this sounds like bragging. I didn't intend to tell any one about it, but I am so full of it I cannot help it.'

'You are not bragging at all,' responded Mary Baird, warmly. 'I feel just the way you do. I have been half-asleep myself, and all the time I thought I was doing my whole duty. Miss Dale, I want you to write to me, will you? I know you can help me.'

'Why, of course I will,' answered Linda, pleased at the thought. 'But whoever thought of my helping anybody? I shall want you to help me.'

Miss Baird was very willing, and the friendship thus formed proved to be a life-long one.

The next day at noon Linda Dale reached her own home city. Mrs. Hollister's smiling face greeted her at the depot. 'Why, my dear,' exclaimed Mrs. Hollister, 'how rested you look! One is usually fagged out in body attending so many meetings, even though refreshed in spirit.'

'Well, I was pretty tired,' admitted Linda. 'The programme was very full, but I rested Saturday afternoon, and a friend took the report for me. Then, you know, I was all ready and bright for the Sunday meetings.'

'Well, you look as if you had enjoyed it; I wish I could have gone,' said the good woman.

Linda was busy that week. She wrote and rewrote her report many times, growing more warm and enthusiastic as she worked. It was difficult to make it brief, but she did not want to tire them, so she left out a good many things, dwelling longest on the words that had impressed her most. It took her just twelve minutes to read it, when they were gathered the following Sunday evening in their League room, but it was packed full of practical, helpful suggestions, and warm with zeal for the master's work. Even Mrs. Hollister, sanguine as she had been, looked up into her husband's face in pleased surprise when Linda had finished reading.

'Burt,' she whispered, 'that is the best I ever heard.'

Linda Dale's 'enthusiasm' did not wear off. As the weeks and months passed by, she worked and testified with more and more effect, and Mrs. Hollister over and over again remarked to her husband, 'Burt, Linda Dale isn't the same girl!'—'Epworth Herald.'

Matilda Ann.

(By Alice W. Rollins.)

I knew a charming little girl,
  Who'd say, 'Oh, see that flower!'
Whenever in the garden
  Or woods she spent an hour.
And sometimes she would listen,
  And say, 'Oh, hear that bird!'
Whenever in the forest,
  Its clear, sweet note she heard.

But then I knew another—
  Much wiser, don't you think?—
Who never called the bird a 'bird';
  But said, 'the bobolink,'
Or 'oriole,' or 'robin,'
  Or 'wren,' as it might be;
She called them all by their first names,
  So intimate was she,

And in the woods or garden,
  She never picked 'a flower';
But 'anemones,' 'hepaticas,'
  Or 'crocus,' by the hour,
Both little girls loved birds and flowers
  But one love was the best;
I need not point the moral;
  I'm sure you see the rest.

For would it not be very queer,
  If when, perhaps, you came,
Your parents had not thought worth while
  To give you any name?
I think you would be quite upset,
  And feel your brain a-whirl,
If you were not 'Matilda Ann,'
  But just, 'a little girl.'

—'The Independent.'

Did It Pay?

(By Mrs. O. W. Scott.)

Harry Bent carried newspapers — the 'Times' and the 'Express'—in Compton. He had his route; and being honest and energetic, he became a general favorite among those whose dailies he delivered so regularly and promptly.

Perhaps you don't believe that a paper-carrier is noticed by his customers, but he is. I know one boy who has made himself a kind of terror. When he comes into a back yard with his papers the cat flies up a tree or over the fence; the dog barks from a safe corner; and the servant girl watches to see that he goes away peaceably. I know another who is so bright and gentlemanly, that it is a real pleasure to step out for the paper and see him lift his cap as he hurries away. Well, Harry was like that; always polite and good-natured, but he was more than that as you will see.

'See here, Harry, I've got an extra job for you which'll pay you well; it's these flyers. A man sent 'em up from Boston, and if you'll carry 'em on your route and leave one at every door, I'll pay you fifty cents.'

'All right, I will, and glad to get the money,' said Harry, taking the package from Mr. Conner's hand.

Fifty cents meant more to him than to some boys, for his mother was a widow, who had to work very hard, and Harry's earnings helped to buy his clothes.

After he left the news-stand he happened to think that he would look at the flyers, so he put his papers down and began to read. It was an advertisement of a Boston firm, and told that tea and coffee would be sent to any person in Compton and delivered at the door, expressage paid. But that was not all. In clear type at the bottom of the page, it stated that wine, whiskey, and all kinds of liquors in sealed packages, would be delivered by the same firm without express charges.

Harry drew a long breath and read it over again. He was a bright boy, as I have said, and had been to temperance meetings ever since he could remember. Compton was a 'no-license' city; that is, no saloons were allowed in it, and for several years this had been true. Every year there was a great struggle over the matter, however, and Harry knew that wicked men were trying very hard to bring back the saloons. It flashed upon him as he stood there that these flyers were to help the wrong side.

'Tea and coffee! Pooh! I guess they think folks'll take the liquors if they can get 'em so easy,' said he to himself.

At first he thought he would take the flyers to his mother and get her advice, but that would make him an extra trip, and he knew very well what she would say.

'No, sir-ee!' and he shut his lips firmly together; 'I won't do it.' He ran back to the news-stand and laid the flyers down on the counter.

'I didn't know what they were, Mr. Conner, or I wouldn't have took 'em. Guess I won't help the liquor men that much,' said he.

'What's the trouble, Harry? I've got some and I want the fifty cents awful bad,' and another paper-carrier paused in the doorway.

'Aw! don't ye do it!' cried Harry. 'It's just a sly old scheme to sell liquor. Guess we'd feel queer marching with the cadets if we scattered flyers for the rummies.'

'You little rascals!' exclaimed Mr. Conner; 'much you know about business. Say, I'll give you seventy-five cents apiece if you'll take 'em out.'

But Harry shook his head and snapped his fingers. The other boy dropped his package reluctantly; but Harry was a leader, and Jim knew that he would not give up fifty cents without good reason.

The two boys walked away together talking very earnestly, leaving Mr. Conner to find less wide-awake boys to do his work.

'Phew! that was tough on us,' said Harry, taking up his papers; 'but I suppose we have got to sacrifice something if we keep out the saloons!'

You may be sure that Harry's mother was thankful enough to know that her boy was willing to do something to sustain the principles she had tried to teach him. Fifty cents was a small sum, she thought, to pay for the joy in her heart that night.

The Saturday before Memorial Day there was a grand review of the Temperance Cadets. Several hundred boys and girls in simple uniform were taken in the electric cars to the fair ground, where they marched and counter-marched before the mayor and other dignitaries. Then there were speeches, music, and a lunch before they went back to the city.

Harry and Jim happened to march together. When one of the speakers referred to those very flyers as 'one of Satan's devices,' the boys nudged each other, and Harry said:

'Wouldn't we feel mean, if we'd carried 'em round?'

There was a glad, proud feeling in Harry's heart all that day and when the mayor called the Cadets 'the hope of the city,' he cheered and swung his cap, feeling that he had really 'sacrificed' to keep away the saloons.—'Temperance Banner.'

The Gospel According to You.

(By Kate S. Gates.)

Ruth's eyes fell on those words as she was looking for a pencil on the table. It was the heading of a newspaper article: 'The Gospel According to You. Everyone of us is making some sort of a record daily, which is known and read of all men. What is yours?'

Ruth ran upstairs with the pencil when she had found it; she wanted to make a memorandum for Nell; she was going down town on the next car, and Ruth was sure she would forget half her errands if she did not have them written down.

After Nell had gone Ruth stood irresolutely in the hall for a few minutes, she wanted so much to practise a while, but there was Aunt Sarah shut up in her room with a sprained ankle. Oughtn't she to take her sewing and sit with her a while? 'It will be hot and stuffy up there; she acts as if she was afraid of a breath of fresh air, and she will do nothing but fret and find fault every blessed minute,' thought Ruth. 'For my part, I think if people will be so disagreeable they might as well be let alone.'

'Have you ever tried very hard to smooth things out for her?' asked Conscience. 'She is much older than you are, and has had a hard life; are you sure that you would be sweet and lovely in her place?'

And then added this faithful monitor, as Ruth turned towards the parlor, 'Don't you know very well that your mother will hurry to get through her work to go and sit with her if you don't? Is it a record of patience and unselfishness you are making, or just the opposite?'

It took several minutes for Ruth to make up her mind, but finally she got the mending basket and went.

'I might as well do all the disagreeable things I can at once,' she said to herself.

Aunt Sarah received her with injured dignity. 'I haven't seen an individual to speak to since breakfast,' she said. 'I should like to know where you've all been?'

Ruth dropped her ball of darning cotton and counted ten while picking it up. 'Haven't you? I presume we all thought the others had been in, and probably all were busy. There were the children to get off to school. Mamma had papa's bag to pack, he's gone to Durham; and I had to get Nell off to shopping.'

Then, without giving Aunt Sarah chance to start on anything else, Ruth began an exciting account of some neighborhood happening.

'I wonder,' she said to herself as she went downstairs to lunch, 'if she's any idea how hard I've tried to make this morning pleasant for her! Well, mamma would say, I suppose that it doesn't matter, the Lord knows.'

It was that very evening some of the young folks dropped in for a little visit. Harry Morgan was one of them. People were beginning to shake their heads dubiously about Harry, he was getting rather wild.

To-night he was in a reckless mood, there was a covert sneer in all his remarks. But he was very bright and witty and kept them all laughing, though in their inmost hearts they felt a little shocked at some things he said.

Ruth's cheeks flushed when he held up one or two of their church members for ridicule. She was the only professing Christian present. Ought she to keep silence, and yet how could she speak before them all! 'The Gospel According to You.' How were these young friends of hers reading her record? would it seem a very true and loyal one if she said nothing?

'I'd resent any such sneers if they were made of my father or mother; how can I hear my Master's cause dishonored and say nothing?' she thought. And just then there was a burst of laughter at some fresh remark of Harry's.

'Don't—please,' she said quickly, 'it hurts me. I wouldn't sneer at your best friend, Harry, and I can't bear to have you sneer at mine.'

There was a minute's hush, then Harry put out his hand. 'I beg your pardon, Ruth.'

That was all then, but after the others had gone he came to her again.

'He was my mother's best friend, too, Ruth, and I ought not to have spoken so. She—told me to meet her in heaven, but it don't look very much now as if I should, does it?'

Ruth's eyes filled with tears.

'Oh, Harry, you must! You know she would feel so sorry about you, and truly he grieves more than she could, for he loves you more. Won't you let him help you do different? I'll pray for you, and you'll pray for yourself, won't you?'

Someone came into the room just then and Harry slipped away, but Ruth was sure from the earnest look he gave her as he said goodnight that he would not forget.

'"The Gospel According to Me,"' thought Ruth as she went upstairs to bed. 'I hope the record for to-day has been a helpful one.'

'She is true blue,' thought Harry on his way home. 'If there were more like her, there'd be less like me. I wish—Oh, mother, your good-for-nothing boy will try to meet you in heaven, if God will help him!' 'Well-spring.'

My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad,
For very joy it laughs and sings,
Sees nought but sunshine glad.

—P. Gerhardt.

A Missionary's Novel Bookstall.

A missionary in Eastern Bengal writes: 'While engaged in preaching and selling books, I was being roughly jostled by a crowd. Just at this time a man guided his elephant through the crowd to where I was and asked me to mount it. I thanked him, but declined, saying I was not afraid, and would stay to sell the books. At the approach of the elephant the people had shrunk back, and I was able to stand by his trunk and sell Scriptures in peace. Some of the fierce fellows told the elephant driver to take his elephant off, and said, "Let us see what will happen." The elephant driver, however, refused to go, and urged me to mount. My companian also added his entreaties, and as I found the books in my side pockets had been stolen, I consented. At the driver's word the elephant knelt down, and I was soon on his back. From that position we sold over 170 portions of Scripture. The elephant driver was a Mussulman. He said he had seen me roughly handled at the agricultural show at Noakhali, and did not mean to see it again. He took me through the water and put me safely into the boat.—'Christian Herald.

Correspondence

London.

Dear Editor,—I have been very much interested in reading the little letters in your paper, and often thought I would like to write one myself. I am nine years old, so I cannot write a very nice or long letter to put in a paper; but I sometimes write one to my grandmother, who lives in Frome. She is eighty-four years old, and has taken the Montreal 'Witness' for a great many years. My father is a minister, and has seen the place where the 'Messenger' is printed. I hope all the boys and girls who read the 'Messenger' will learn to be good, useful, and happy from it.

EDNA.

Fairfield, N.B.

Dear Editor,—You asked for some letters about missionaries, for the month of March, and I am going to tell you about our missionaries. The people in our little village know a good deal about missions, as there was a lady born and brought up on the farm next to ours who is now a missionary with her husband in Zululand, South Africa.

She was a trained nurse, and graduated from two hospitals in Boston. She then attended Dr. A. J. Gordon's Missionary Training School. Here she became acquainted with a young man who was preparing as a missionary for Africa, who she now claims as her husband. After they were married they came home to New Brunswick on a visit, to bid her mother and friends good-by. While they were here they held some lovely meetings, and she told us how the Lord called her to the mission work, and what country he wanted her to labor in, which was very interesting and satisfactory. After bidding their friends farewell they left for Africa.

During their visit here they helped us to organize a mission band in our church. My mother is president, and I am a member.

We get very interesting letters from them every month. I will tell you something about the country that they write to us from. The people in that part of Africa wear very little clothing, and children under twelve years of age wear none at all. Horses will not live there so they have to use oxen instead; they need sixteen oxen for one team. They have no bridges across the rivers, so they have to drive their ox-teams through the water to get across, sometimes nearly losing them in the soft sands.

The food the natives eat is mostly mealies, that is corn-meal porridge, and they eat it with wooden spoons.

The locusts are so thick there that they sometimes destroy all the crops. This last year they have had a disease among the oxen, called rinderpest; which has caused thousands and thousands of oxen to die. Many of the natives have been financially ruined, as the only way of carrying on commerce is by means of the oxen. Our missionaries (Mr. and Mrs. Keyes), have lost all the oxen they owned by this disease. The natives live in huts called kraals.

We held a missionary concert here about a week ago in aid of these missionaries.

ANNIE.

Preston Vale, Ont.

Dear Editor, — I have been taking your valuable little paper for three or four years, and I like it very much. I live in Ontario, and my father keeps a post-office; and I often have to attend to it. We only get the mail three days in the week. This is the second day of April, and it is snowing very heavily. We had lovely weather all through March, but I guess we will have blustering weather in April.

We have great fun making maple syrup, sugar and taffy; although we do not 'sugar off,' in the bush, we have great fun in the kitchen, as that is where we boil. I am very fond of reading and have read several books such as 'Cleg Kelly,' 'The Lamplighter,' 'Florence Stanley,' 'The Bondman,' 'Valeria,' and other books, that are very interesting. I would like very much to read 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'

I have three brothers and one little sister who is about four years old. I am the oldest of the family. My father keeps horses, cows, pigs, sheep and hens, and my brothers have great fun in attending them.

We have had revival meetings in the different churches and there has been a great deal of good done. I go to school and am in the Senior Fourth Book. Our teacher intends going to the Teachers' Association, and we will likely have about two weeks holidays at Easter, instead of one, as before. I remain yours truly,

IDA.

Central Onslow.

Dear Editor,—All the little girls and boys have been writing to the 'Messengor,' and mamma says I ought to write too. I am ten years old. My birthday was on Jan. 10. I have no pets, and no flowers; except one bed, with pansies, sweet-peas, forget-me-nots and mountain daisies. So I'll tell you about my trip to Ontario on a visit to my aunt. I liked it very much. They have a fine orchard, and I had all the apples, grapes and pears I wanted. I had fine rides on the milk waggon; and they took me sometimes on their bicycles with them. Once we drove to Port Stanley on Lake Erie. There was a toll-gate, and we had to stop and pay toll. That is something we don't have to do in our country. Coming home we visited Niagara Falls. And I have a cup and saucer made from a piece of Table-Rock. When we were at Buffalo the train went off with me, and left mamma in the station, and they sent me back on the first train they met, and I found mamma all right. I watched that she did not get left again.

EFFIE.

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—We have taken your 'Messenger' for three years, and I am sure your dear paper is not better liked in any home in the whole Dominion of Canada. My brother has a big Newfoundland dog, called Nero, he has had him since he was a pup. The first night we had him he tumbled down the cellar steps, but he was so fat he never got hurt. He can pull two of us on a sleigh very fast; but the snow is nearly gone now. I have to walk to school a mile, because I live in the far end of a suburb of Winnipeg. Well, Dear Editor, I guess I will say good-by, and tell you more next month.

Wishing you continued success with the 'Messenger,' I remain yours truly,

NELLIE.

age twelve.

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years of age. I have four brothers and two sisters. My eldest brother is in British Columbia. We have four horses and one pony, named Billy. We have a dog named Turk, which we are all very fond of. I am in the second book, and am taking music lessons once a week. This is a busy town, and big ships bring loads of grain from the North-West to unload in our elevators; and sometimes the men have to work all day Sunday, which seems wrong. One of my brothers belongs to the 'Boys' Brigade,' who get the 'Messenger' at their bible-class every Sunday morning.

PERCY.

Kazubazua, Que.

Dear Editor,—I thoroughly enjoy reading the 'Northern Messenger,' and now wish to write a letter. I live on a farm on the Gatineau. I take the 'Messenger.' My grandfather subscribed for the 'Witness,' forty-five years ago, he took it while he lived, and father has taken it for twenty-four years. We would not be without it. I have four brothers and four sisters. I go to school and am in the fifth reader. My sister Ida, (eight years old), is in the fourth reader. We go to Sunday-school. I have a dear little sister Bertha Mabel eight months old. Last summer the robins built their nest in a tree close to our house, they worked hard every day but Sunday; on Monday morning they were back early to their work with renewed vigor after their Sabbath rest. If this letter is not consigned to the waste paper basket, you may hear from me again. Your thirteen year old reader,

ELLA.

Rounthwaite, Man.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and am in the third reader. I am earning a prize. I will tell you about the time that grandma and us little folks went fishing on the Assiniboine River. Grandma is about fifty years old, and is very smart. Well, our hired man took us down in the waggon. He was going for a load of sand to plaster the stable; so he took us down to the river, where we stayed for the day. Grandma fished away till noon, while we were catching frogs on the bank. Then we took our lunch and again started our work. After a little while we young folks took a bath, the water was warm and the sun was hot, and soon we started for home, then we waited for a while where grandma thought she might catch some fish. She got a bite, but the fish got away for the line caught on a willow, and she couldn't swing it. We tried several times, but didn't get any. Another day we two boys and grandma, went to the Muskeg to see what we could see; and first we saw a flock of prairie chickens, and then we saw something in the field. It was a prairie wolf. I have a pet dog and a cat. The dog's name is Watch, and the kitten's name is Nigger, for he is black. I belong to the Mission Band. Yours truly,

Age nine years.

WILLIE.

Speaking Pictures.

I want to carry you off for a journey, little people. I will promise to take great care of you, and bring you back safe and sound! Now then, who will come? All of you? That's right. What a happy party we shall be! Are you ready? Then give mother a good-bye kiss, and we will start for Africa. 'Africa!' says an excited little voice, 'isn't that where those poor little black boys were burnt because they loved Jesus? Mother told me about that a long time ago.' Yes, but that happened in a place called Uganda, and Uganda is in East Africa. We are going to West Africa. Do you understand? Not quite, I think, so I will try and explain it to you as we jog along in the train on our way to Liverpool. Let me see. Stretch out your arms on each side of you as far as they will go! Now we will call your head 'North,' and your feet 'South,' and one hand shall be called 'East,' and the other hand 'West.' You see they all belong to that same little body of yours, but they are not all together. So East Africa and West Africa are both part of great big Africa, but they are not near to each other.

BABIES ON BACKS IN WEST AFRICA.

But here we are at Liverpool, and here are some sailors in small boats waiting to row us out to the great ship which will take us to Africa. Puff' puff! we are off on our long voyage. What wonderful things we see on the way! Monster fishes which tumble head over heels in the water, and other fishes with wings like birds, but we can't stop to watch them. On goes the ship. Presently we see land. No, not Africa yet. On again—more land! Yes, now it is West Africa, but we don't leave the ship just yet Further on there is a place with a hard name—Sierra Leone. That is where we are going first. Here we are at last. 'Oh how lovely!' we say as we walk about. Yes, the country is very lovely. Look at the grand mountains, and the beautiful trees and birds. We never see anything like them in England. What do you say? Why do I look sad? Well, I was just thinking how sad when He looks down at this lovely land of His, and sees all the black, ugly sin which is spoiling it. Yes, Africa is full of black people, and He loves them, but very few of them love Him.

Look at that row of girls walking along with sweet, wee babies tied on their backs (you can see them in the picture). I wish we could go and tell them how much Jesus loves the little ones, and then, perhaps, they would teach the babies to love Him, too.

'Little Miss Sunshine.'

Sara Gordon was a dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked little girl, just seven years old, who went with Aunt Lois every Saturday to visit the Home on Sunderland Heights. The ward she loved best was like a big nursery, full of toys and pictures, whose owners tried to be patient in spite of pain and weariness. How the sick children did watch for her coming! Freddie, the lame boy, thought her dimples the prettiest he ever had seen, and after her first visit, when she made him laugh by telling a funny story, always called her 'Little Miss Sunshine.' 'Why do you?' asked the nurse, as she bent over his cot that night. 'Oh! I can't help it; she is so sweet and good, and when she goes away, it's just like shutting the blinds in tight; it seems so dark,'—and the other children felt in very much the same way, although they did not put it in words.

One Saturday I went to the Home. Freddie was looking the picture of woe; his book was upside down and he didn't even know it; there was such an air of unhappiness about all the litle ones, that I asked the nurse if they were more suffering. 'No,' she said, 'it isn't that, but word came to-day that "Little Miss Sunshine" is sick, and they miss her so.' 'What does she do for them?' I asked. 'O Miss! I can't exactly tell you what she does, it's just what she is; she never thinks about herself at all, but trips about from one cot to the other, always smiling, always having a bright word or a tender caress for each little sufferer, and,' she added, in a reverent tone, 'it is my belief she treads in the footsteps of One who went about doing good because she so truly loves him.'

Don't you believe this was the secret, and that all other little girls and boys, too, can bring happiness wherever they go, if they will love Jesus as much as did 'Little Miss Sunshine.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Grain of Sand.

'Mother! mother! there's something in my eye; please take it out quick.' Flossy came hurrying to her mother's room. Her blue eyes were bloodshot, her eyelids swollen, and tears were running down her cheeks.

'Why, what is it?' asked her mother, as she put her arm around the child.

'I don't know, it's a great big thing: the wind blew it into my eye, a minute ago.'

The mother examined the afflicted eye carefully, but could find no-

thing except tears. 'I don't see anything in it, dearie.'

'But it is there, mother; please do get it out. It makes me so uncomfortable.'

The mother looked again, then she bathed the hurt eye with warm water and told Flossy to keep it closed for a time: but the poor eye did not get any better. Something surely was in it; something as big as a marble, Flossy thought.

'Well, Flossy, I think that we had better go to Dr. Wright and see what he can do,' said her mother, after trying everything that she could think of for the relief of her little daughter.

Dr. Wright was the good doctor Flossy loved, and she stood very quietly with her face in the light as he kept her eyelid open.

'Ah,' said the doctor, and in an instance he held his instrument toward her, 'here it is.'

'Where?' asked the mother. 'I don't see anything.'

'I don't either,' said Flossy, 'but my eye does not hurt any longer.'

'It is just a tiny speck of sand,' replied the doctor, 'too small to see unless you know where to look for it.'

Some days after this, Flossy was fidgeting about the room where her mother was sewing. It was rainy weather out of doors, and Flossy was in a bad humor—nothing pleased her.

'Please don't, Flossy,' asked her mother, over and over again. 'You make me very uncomfortable. If you do not stop worrying, you must go away by yourself.'

Flossy sat down by the window, pouting. In a little while her face brightened, and she came to her mother and put a little soft kiss on her cheek. 'I'm like that little grain of sand, mother; don't you think so?' she said.

'I'm not very big, but I make people uncomfortable when my bad temper gets in the wrong place. I love you, mother; I love you truly, and I wouldn't hurt you as that sand hurt me for anything. The sand couldn't help itself, but I can, and I will, right away."—'Our Boys and Girls.'

Forgetful Sue.

'Please lend me your pencil,' said Sue, scowling. 'I forgot mine, and I'm losing half my notes.' And she forgot to return it till Ada, a week later, made bold to ask for it. With some difficulty Sue found a split, chewed article, which must have been it; and she knew by the look in Ada's face that she could never borrow of her again.

'Please lend me your thimble, mother. I forgot and left mine upstairs.' And she forgot to return it, and put her mother to great inconvenience and annoyance in her busy life.

'Lend me your handkerchief, sister,' she whispered at the picnic; 'I forgot mine. I want to wash my hands at the brook.' And she forgot to return it to Lucy, who, in going home, fell, cutting her hand, and the blood which she might have staunched with her handkerchief, ruined her dress.

'Lend me a dime, Jo, please,' she whispered in church; 'I forgot the collection.' And she forgot to repay it, till a brother's candid sense of justice shamed her, and brought her duty to her remembrance.—'Bright Jewels.'

A Riddle For Grandma.

'Grandma, papa has sent you a riddle to guess!' cried two little girls bounding up to the porch where their grandma sat knitting in the sunshine.

'A riddle, hey?' said she. 'It can't be a very big one if you two can carry it. What is it then?'

'He says, "How can Maud and I be his sons, when we are his daughters?" '

'Well, the answer to that riddle is that you cannot be his sons, and I'm glad of it. I think that little daughters are the sweetest things on earth.'

'No; but, grandma, he says that we are his sons,' insisted Clara.

'Well, perhaps you can make as much noise as sons.'

'That's not the answer, grandma,' said Maud; 'give it up?'

Grandma made a few more guesses, and then gave it up.

'He says that we are his s-u-n-s,' said Clara, gleefully, 'because we make sunshine for him. See, grandma?'

'Yes, I see,' said the old lady, smiling down at the two bright little faces; 'he makes sons of his daughters by spelling them with a "u." '

'But we don't make sunshine all the time,' confessed Clara in a confidential way; 'yesterday I got mad at Maud, and Maud got mad at me, and papa said that it was a storm, and his sunshine had gone away.'

'It is hard for big people, too, to keep the sun shining sometimes,' said their grandma, gently. 'But there is a light that shines above all clouds. Now, little ones, the answer to that riddle is in your Bible songs.'

'I know it,' said little Clara, quickly; 'we sang it last Sunday, "The Lord is my Light." '

And away tripped the two little 'suns,' hand in hand, singing 'The Lord is My Light.'—'Olive Plants,'

Children's Prayers.

(Viola Smythe Cassidy.)

I knew a little boy who added to his prayers, 'Now I lay me' and 'Our Father,' a new prayer that was taught to him by a loved Sabbath-school teacher. It is this:

'Dear Lord, of thee three things I pray:
To know thee more clearly,
To love thee more dearly,
To follow more nearly
Every day.'

Don't you think that this is a nice prayer for little boys and girls, or for grown folks either?

But another little fellow whom I used to know had a peculiar way of asking for whatever he wanted in the full faith and assurance that he was going to get just what he asked for; and one evening while saying his prayers, having come to that part of his petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' he suddenly surprised his mother by stopping short, and adding, 'And please, God, some m'lasses, too,' and then went on with his prayer devoutly to the end. It is needless to say that the molasses was forthcoming the next day. Another time it was baked beans that he wanted in addition to the bread, and he got them, too. I think we might all learn a lesson from this little boy, for if we all had faith to ask for the one special thing that we do want, instead of praying in a general manner for all kinds of general good, our prayers might more often be answered. —'American Messenger.'

Just Love Me!

'It isn't much fun to have a baby always tagging around,' thought Tommy Glover. 'But somehow I can't be cross with little Patty, for she just lays her cheek up against mine and says: "Don't scold me, brother; just love me!" '

Have you ever tried this way with big brother or big sister?—'Sunbeam.'

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partizan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.

LESSON VIII.—ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

1. What did you learn in Lesson V. to be the best drink?

Pure water is the best drink, and no drink can be taken which does not contain a great deal of water.

2. Would it be possible, then, to drink pure alcohol ?

Certainly not. Only the large amount of water contained in all alcoholic drinks makes it possible to take them.

3. Do all alcoholic drinks contain the same amount of alcohol?

Oh, no; the 'natural wines,' as they are called, which are produced by the breaking up of the sugar in the fruit juice, never contain more than seventeen percent of alcohol, and many contain much less. Cider and beer often have only a small amount of alcohol.

4. What other wines are there besides the 'natural wines?'

Often, something much stronger in alcohol, like brandy, is added to the wines, so as to make it, perhaps, a quarter alcohol. Such wine is said to be 'brandied,' or 'fortified.'

5. What other drinks, stronger in alcohol, are there?

There are what are called spirits, which are made from wines and other lighter drinks, in a way called distillation, by which much of the water is driven out. Such are gin, whiskey, rum and brandy.

6. From what are these drinks made?

From potatoes, grains, sugar, cider and wines.

7. How much alcohol do they contain?

Gin has about thirty-eight percent of alcohol; whiskey about forty-five per cent; rum forty-eight and one-half percent and brandy from fifty to fifty-four percent of alcohol.

8. What do you mean by the term per-cent?

It means so many parts in a hundred parts. In brandy from fifty to fifty-four parts out of every hundred parts, or more than half, is pure alcohol.

9. Do people generally use the stronger drinks at first?

No, they could not bear them at first. They begin with the weaker drinks, like cider and light wines, and little by little, learn to want the stronger ones.

10. Why do they want the stronger ones?

The alcohol gives them feelings which they soon come to find necessary to their enjoyment, but to produce the same feeling from day to day, more alcohol is required. So the light wine does not satisfy the want, and whiskey and brandy come to be used.

11. And what happens at last?

The poor man or woman who began with a little alcohol becomes a hopeless drunkard, caring for nothing but drink, and sick in body and mind and soul.

12. Is such an increase necessary in the quantity of natural drinks taken?

No, indeed. The same amount of water or milk will satisfy from day to day, and they do not produce terrible diseases as alcohol does.

13. Is there anything else in alcoholic drinks that does harm?

Yes; almost always other poisons are put into them, making them yet more dangerous.

14. Why are these poisons added?

Sometimes to make the cost less; sometimes to give a brilliant color; sometimes to conceal the fact that the wine is sour and spoiled.

15. What poisons are used for these purposes?

A great many: copper, lead, strychnine, copperas, and a very poisonous berry called cocculus indicus, and many more harmful things.

16. What effect do these things have on the drinker?

They poison his poor body through and through; bring on many terrible diseases and shorten his miserable life.

Hints to Teachers.

There are many points in this lesson which will deeply interest children. While, as said in an earlier lesson, it is not desirable to enter minutely into the processes by which the various alcoholic drinks are made, the children should have some general knowledge on these points, they have already learned in a simple way of the process of fermentation, in which the sugar of the juices breaks up and alcohol and other products are formed. Now they may learn that by heating wine, cider, etc., in a vessel with a tube running into another vessel, the volatile alcohol is separated from a part of the water with which it was diluted, and a stronger spirit is obtained, and that this process is called distillation. Dwell particularly on the fact, to be repeated many times as the lesson progress, that the taking of the lighter drinks leads certainly to the strongest and impress the fact that no such result attends the use of natural foods and drinks. The fact of the adulteration of all alcoholic drinks is also a matter they should know.

Proposed Service for Band of Hope Meeting.

(By Annie B. Salmon, London.)

President.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the way of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.—Psalm i., 1.

All.—But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.—Psalm i., 2.

P.—He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season.—Psalm i., 3.

A.—His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.—Psalm i., 3.

P.—The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. —Psalm i., 4.

A.—Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.—Psalm i., 5.

P.—Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Galatians vi., 7.

A. — He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—Psalm cxxvi., 6.

P.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Proverbs xx., 1.

A.—But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.—Daniel i., 8.

P.—Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?—Proverbs xxiii., 29.

A.—They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.—Proverbs xxiii., 30.

P.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. — Proverbs xxiii., 31.

P.—At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Proverbs xxiii., 32.

P.—Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.—Matthew xxvi., 41.

A.—Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—I. Corinthians x., 12.

P.—Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.—Galatians v., 1. Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.—II. Timothy ii., 3.

A.—I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.—Phillipians iv., 13.

P.—Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Phillipians iv., 8. Grace be with you all. Amen.—Hebrews xiii., 25.

All stand and repeat Pledge. — 'For God, and Home and Native Land, I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks as beverages, and to do what in me lies to advance the cause of temperance. Lord, help me to keep this pledge, for Jesus' sake. Amen.—'Irish League Journal.'

How My Boy Went Down.

It was not on the field of battle,
  It was not with a ship at sea;
But a fate far worse than either
  That stole him away from me:
'Twas the death in the ruby wine-cup,
  That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
  And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood,
  To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to the worthless being,
  From the hopes of what might have been;
For the brand of a drunkard besotted,
  He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of sinful pleasure
  My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
  That mothers so often tell
With accents of infinite sadness,
  Like the tones of a funeral bell;
But I never thought once when I heard it,
  I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother,
  I thought he'd be true to himself.

But, alas, for my hopes, all delusion!
  Alas for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when such danger
  Is open on every side?
Oh! can nothing destroy this great evil?
  No help in their pathway thrown,
To save from the terrible maelstrom
  The thousands of boys going down.
—'Forward.'

Character Tested.

The Chinese have a deep saying, 'Water is yielding, but when subjected to extreme cold it forms ice and solidifies; gold is solid, but when subjected to extreme heat it melts and liquifies, and is then yielding.' So the character of a man is not brought out until he has been pushed to the direst extremity.

Sabbath School.

LESSON V.—MAY 1.

The Triumphal Entry.

Matt. xxi., 6-16. Memory verses, 9-11.

Golden Text.

'Hosanna to the Son of David: blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.'—Matt. xxi., 9.

Home Readings.

M. Matt. xix., 13-30.—Lessons from the rich young ruler.

T. Matt. xx., 1-16.—Parable of the laborers in the vineyard.

W. Matt. xx., 17-34.—Teaching and healing by the way.

T. Matt. xxi., 1-17.—The triumphal entry.

F. Luke xix., 29-48.—Compassion in the midst of triumph.

S. Matt. xxi., 18-32.—Silencing the priests and elders.

S. Matt. xxi., 33-46.—Parable of the wicked husbandmen.

Lesson Story.

Jesus was going to Jerusalem with his disciples. When they reached Bethphage, our Lord sent two of the disciples to a neighboring village to get an ass on which he purposed to ride. They brought the ass and her little colt, and spread their garments on them that the prophecies of Isaiah and Zechariah might be fulfilled. (Isa. lxii., 11: Zech. ix., 9.)

The King of kings entered Jerusalem riding on an ass, typifying his meek and lowly spirit. Great multitudes hailed his approach, spreading their outer garments in the path, cutting down branches of the palm trees to cast before him, and praising him with loud acclamation. 'Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.' Then all the city was stirred, and asked who this great man was. And the multitudes following our Lord answered, 'This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee.'

Going into the temple Jesus saw there many buyers and sellers and money-changers. Filled with holy wrath at this defilement of his Father's house, he drove out the wrangling merchants and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, saying, 'It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves.'

And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple and he healed them. But the chief priests and scribes when they saw his gracious miracles and heard the praises of the children in the temple, were sore displeased, and reproachfully asked him, 'Hearest thou what these say?'

And Jesus answered, 'Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?'

Lesson Hymn.

When his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing,
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But, as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
Well pleased to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth,
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And raise a loud hosanna,
To David's royal Son.

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming
Would their hosanna raise.
But should we only render,
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They, too, should be the Lord's.

—King.

Lesson Hints.

Read the accounts of this event in Mark (xi., 1-10), Luke (xix., 29-46), and John (xii., 12-15). Note the exact fulfilment of our Lord's command.

'Garments'—the loose outer garment or cloak called an 'abba.' It was the Roman custom to spread carpets or garments in the path of a great hero or conquerer.

'Branches from the trees'—palm branches, (John xii., 13), the palm is a type of grandeur and royalty.

'Hosanna'—is said to have been a solemn word in frequent use among the Jews, its meaning was 'Lord, save us,' or 'Have mercy upon us.' It seems to have been here used with a note of joy and triumph.

'Temple of God'—'ye are the temple of God,' (I. Cor. iii., 16, 17: vi., 19, 20.). God's temple in our hearts frequently gets filled up with jarring notes; angry thoughts or worrying cares destroy the peace and calm which should fill the holy place. God will not dwell in the midst of confusion and tumult. He must drive out the buyers and sellers, the anxious cares, the doubts, the impure thoughts, before he can fill his temple with peace and purity and joy.

'Bought and sold'—awful sacrilege! The temple had become a more market-place and a den of thieves.

'Money changers'—the yearly tax due from every Jew to the temple was half a shekel. This could only be received in a certain kind of money called the 'temple shekel.' Those Jews who came from other lands had to change their money into temple shekels, for which reason it seemed very necessary to have the money-changers close at hand.

'Doves'—these were used as offerings for sacrifice from the poor.

'House of prayer'—(Isa. lvi., 7.).

Primary Lesson.

Did you ever know a little boy who went to church every Sunday, and never heard the sermon? He fidgeted and turned over the leaves of the hymnbook and thought about those lessons he had not prepared for Monday. He wished that the minister would not talk so long and that it would soon be dinner time, or Sunday-school time, so that he could talk to the other boys in his class.

He wished that it was Monday or some other day so that he could spin his top, or fly his kite, or play marbles. Then he began to think how many marbles he had, and how if he only had five cents more what beauties he could get. He thought about fish hooks and bicycles and the boy who sat next him at school, and then he found that the service was over, and that he was going out of church, and all the time he had been there in God's house he had never once thought of God!

Or did you ever know a little girl that went to church with her mamma, and sat up thinking about her pretty dress, or the party she was going to, or the new doll she had just been given, or the girl next door whose hair was red, or the new kid gloves which were a little too tight?

Of course she would not have brought her doll to Church, but she never thought of its being almost the same to think about it. Her brother would have thought it terrible to see a boy playing marbles in church, but he did not hesitate to play them in his mind.

Both of these little people would have been horrified at the tale of the bad men who bought and sold and changed money in the temple of old. They would be so glad that Jesus drove out those sinners.

Yet it was just as right for a man to sell doves as for a boy to play marbles. Business and games are necessary, but they must be kept in the right place. Work and play must be kept out of the thoughts of our hearts when we are in God's house, for we go here to meet God, our loving heavenly Father. And our hearts, even our bodies, are God's temples.

We must ask our Lord Jesus to cleanse our hearts from all sin, so that God will be glad to dwell in his temple.

Suggested Hymns.

'Ride on, ride on in majesty,' 'Hail to the Lord's anointed,' 'When mothers of Salem,' 'Rejoice, rejoice, our King is coming,' 'Far above in highest heaven,' 'I think when I read,' 'Jesus loves me,' 'Praise Him! Praise Him!'

Practical Points.

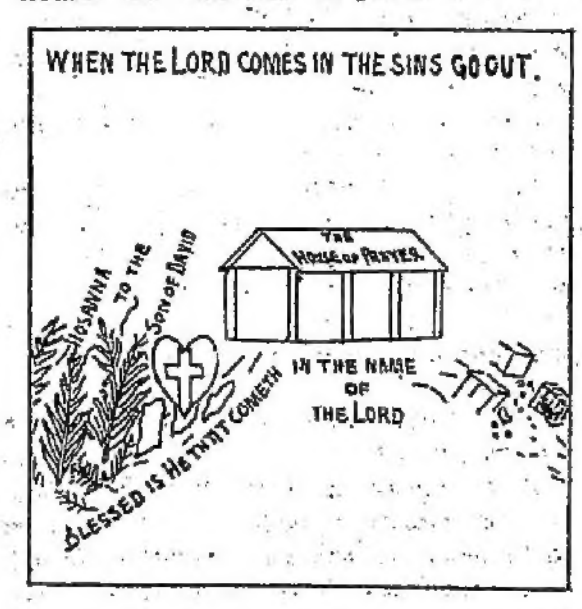
A. H. CAMERON.

MAY 1.—Matt. xxi., 6-16.

Obedience does not ask why, when 'joy is duty, and love is law.' Verses 6, 7. We may praise the Lord by our deeds as well as by our words. We may sing, hosanna with plough or pen, as well as with wind or stringed instrument. Verses 8, 9. No one ever made such a sensation as Jesus, in the world, in the home, and in the heart. Verses 10, 11. Jesus will not dwell in the heart that owns another king. Verse 12. Compare Matt. xii., 29. Many modern methods of raising money for religious purposes have no sanction in scripture. Verse 13. In the best sense of the term Jesus is the great physician. Verse 14. Sa'an would put a damper on the Christian's song service, if he could not quench it. But Jesus pours the oil of his grace on the smouldering fire till it bursts into a flame. Verses 15, 16.

The Lesson Illustrated.

The temple here is a rough reproduction of a Greek temple, not that of Jerusalem; but it conveys to us more clearly the idea of a temple than a more careful reproduction of the details of the Temple at Jerusalem. The Christ symbol advancing over strewn clothes and branches of palms with other


WHEN THE LORD COMES IN THE SINS GO OUT.
HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID
THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.
IN THE NAME OF THE LORD
BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH

branches waving in glad procession tell of the triumphal entry. The overturned and cast out money tables and cage of doves, tell of the cleansing of the temple when he came in. But alas for Jerusalem, they would not keep the Lord in their temple so the sins came back, multiplied seven-fold, and growing worse, until the destruction of temple and city some forty years later.

A picture of too many hearts now is this story of the temple long ago.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

May 1.—Little ways of bettering the world. —Phil. ii., 12-16: Matt. v., 13-16.

Sunday Mail.

The Sunday opening of the post-office, says the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, can be conquered by showing not only its sinfulness, but also its folly. In a western city, settled by a religious colony of staunch Sabbath observers, the Christians were found to be in the habit of leaving an interval at all the churches between the morning Sabbath-school and the church service for a 'union meeting,' as the writer called it, at the post-office, where on the particular day he was there, they laid the Sunday mail on the Bible lesson of 'Jehu, the half-hearted man,' still open from their recent study. They were reminded of the unconscious illustration, the 'horrible example' they had given to the lesson, and straighway petitioned for Sabbath closing.

In Los Angelos a postal clerk came to the writer just before a Sabbath evening address and whispered, 'There are Christians in this city that get their Sunday mail.' When the incident was repeated to the great audience there went over that sea of faces a wave of surprise as if they had been told by a tutti-frutti machine how many saints and how many sinners had dropped a penny into the slot. They had thought the post-office a great machine, not knowing it had eyes to see the difference between consistency and inconsistency, and a heart to feel the loss of the home day, and a conscience oppressed by the doing of unmerciful and unnecessary work on the day of rest and worship. The incident had 'arrested' seven thousand people. May this printed 'arrest of thought' reach a yet larger multitude! The Reform Bureau, Washington, D.C.—'S.S. Times.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Brain Nourishment.

A correspondent of the 'Housekeeper' says: It seems to me too many offer suggestions for the easing of tired muscles, and too few have anything to say about tired brains. Every woman, and particularly every mother, owes it to herself and family that her brain be furnished nourishment as regularly as her stomach. People who think it as necessary to provide for reading as it is for food and clothing, would be surprised if they could go out through the country and see how many homes there are where books and magazines are not found. In many cases if the women in these homes were urged to subscribe for some periodical, they would reply, 'Oh, I would never find time to read it if I did take it.' There is no doubt but that if a woman really wants to read, she will find at least a few moments each day to devote to her book or paper. A little systematic planning will give you at least fifteen minutes a day, and much can be accomplished in that time if you keep it up for a year. While I do not advocate cast-iron rules in housekeeping, I do know by experience that one-half more work can be done in a given length of time if it has been properly planned. Each day the housewife should do something as a relaxation for the mind. If she does not care for reading, or if that tires her more than it rests her, she should take a short walk, or call on a friend, or in some way take her mind off the old routine of work. She would be much brighter for so doing, and her brightness would be reflected over the entire family. Remember that it takes but very little sunshine to make a rainbow.

At The Front Door.

A hard lesson for farmers to learn is that there is a money value in beauty. A horse, a farm, anything that is made as beautiful of its kind as can be, will always sell better than it would if there was no beauty. They say they have no time for nicely kept lawns, choice clumps of trees and fine flower beds, when, in reality, they cannot afford not to surround themselves with such objects of beauty. Not only do they fail to take advantage of nature's work in their behalf, but they relentlessly do all in their power to retard her efforts. I can remember when I longed for a door yard with flowers, where horses, calves and pigs could not intrude. Our yard, faulty as it was, was better than many others around us, because it had no wood-pile just outside the front gate, with a large iron kettle swung beside it because it was handy to the wood. Neither was there a pig-pen beside the front gate. But, oh, it was such a bitter grief to me when old Tom tangled himself in my honeysuckle and tore it up by the roots! There was nothing to be done about it. My beautiful flower was ruined, but the horse had only done what he was given a good chance to do. The day of those sorrows is past. Now a neat fence protects me and mine, I revel in green grass and flowers, my trees are not broken off, and my shrubbery grows unmolested. I am foolish about such things, I suppose, but I really do not like to see them hurt. I presume men never realize how it hurts a woman not to have a door yard for herself; a bit of ground where she can plant her favorite flowers. There is a good business ahead for the landscape gardener who can lecture on the subject of home adornment and the money value of beauty. Such a course of lectures should be a part of the school education of every child.—'Housekeeper.'

The tendency of the feverish life of the present day is to develop precocity in children, whose characters are apt to be forced by a kind of hothouse growth rather than steadily and sturdily matured under hardier conditions of free outdoor life. Superintendent Maxwell, of the Brooklyn Board of Education, in a recent circular to parents and teachers, utters some timely advice on this point. Children, he says, should spend not less than two hours every day in the open air, and at least twenty minutes every day in practicing at home the gymnastic exercises they learn at school. He urges that children should not be allowed to attend social parties or public meetings on evenings preceding school days, and that they should spend in sleep not less than nine, and, if possible, ten hours out of every twenty-four. Superintendent Maxwell mentions, among exercises injurious to health, study before the partaking of food in the morning, the rapid reading of lessons just before the beginning of a school session, study immediately after the close of school, and study immediately after eating a hearty meal. These counsels are themselves worthy of study. American children as it is grow old far too rapidly. They know too much for their years or for their physical strength. 'Make haste slowly,' is a good motto for budding youth to keep before its eyes. — N.Y. 'Observer.'

Sardine Sandwiches. — Buy only a good brand, and such are always small. A large sardine is not a sardine; but some other fish used under that name. Lightly scrape the skin, cut off the tail and split; taking out the backbone. If the halves are in good shape lay them on thin slices of whole-wheat flour bread and butter, and spread evenly with a layer of freshly prepared horseradish, covering with another slice. If the fish is broken or a paste is preferred, work the fish and horseradish together to a paste, and spread on the bread. If you have no horseradish make a paste of the fish, lemon juice and a dash of cayenne pepper. The sandwiches may be cut into fanciful shapes and served on a plate garnished with lettuce.—'Housekeeper.'

Chopped Pickles.—Chop fine one peck of green tomatoes, three onions and three peppers. Sprinkle over this one large cupful of salt, and let it stand twenty-four hours. Drain thoroughly, as described above, and cook fifteen minutes in one quart of vinegar and one quart of water. Drain again. Take two quarts of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, one-quarter pound yellow mustard seed, one table-spoonful each of ground cinnamon, ground cloves, ground mustard and ground ginger. To this add the chopped pickle, and cook at least one-half hour. This is excellent with veal stew or any boiled meat. 2

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Corn, sweet, early market	.10
Corn, sweet, evergreen	.05
Lettuce, Nonpareil	.05
Musk Melon, earliest of all	.10
Onion, selected yellow Danvers	.05
Onion, Silverskin, pickling	.05
Peas, New Queen	.10
Parsnip, New Intermediate	.10
Parsley, Tripled Curled	.05
Radish, Olive Gem, white tipped	.05
Radish, half long, Scarlet	.05
Pepper, long Red	.05
Spinach, long standing	.05
Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Squash, Vegetable Marrow	.05
Tomato, New Canada	.10
Turnip, Early White Stone	.05
Turnip, Purple Top, Swede	.05
Sage	.05
Summer Savory	.05
Total	$1.75

In addition to above, an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a packet of New Giant Chilian Salpiglossis; price, 20c.

The Farm Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 75c. or with 'Messenger,' one year, $1.00.

Offer No. 2.

The Kitchen Garden Collection.

Five subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30 cents each secures this collection free.

	cents.
Beans, Mammoth Red German Wax	.05
Beet, extra early intermediate	.05
Cabbage, first and best	.10
Carrot, half long, Scarlet Nantes	.05
Cucumber, improved long green	.05
Corn, sweet early market	.10
Lettuce, Nonpareil	.05
Musk Melon, earliest of all	.10
Onion, selected, Yellow Danvers	.05
Parsnip, New Intermediate	.10
Parsley, triple curled	.05
Peas, New Queen	.10
Radish, Olive Gem, white tipped	.05
Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Tomato, New Canada	.10
Turnip, early stone	.05
Total	$1.10

In addition to the above an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a package of New Giant Chilian Salpiglossis; price, twenty cents.

The Kitchen Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 45c, or with 'Messenger,' one year, 70c.

Offer No. 3.

The Flower Garden Collection.

Send five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenegr' at thirty cents each, and secure offer No. 3 free.

	cents.
Aster, giant flowering, mixed colors.	.15
Sweet Mignonette	.05
Pansy, new giant flowering, mixed.	.10
Zinnia, mammoth double, all colors.	.10
Nasturtium, tall, mixed	.05
Portulaca	.05
Candytuft, all colors	.05
Morning Glory	.05
Pinks, Double, China	.05
Balsam, Improved double mixed	.10
Marvel of Peru	.05
Verbena, mammoth flowering	.10
Stocks, large flowering ten weeks	.10
Sweet Peas, the finest selection	.10
Phlox Drummondi, all colors	.05
Petunia, finest, all colors and shades	.10
Total	$1.25

In addition to above, an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a package of new Giant Chilian Salpiglossis; price, twenty cents.

The Flower Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 45c, or with 'Messenger' one year, seventy cents.

ADDRESS:

JOHNDOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Office, Montreal.